

# THIS WEEK'S COMPLETE NOVEL IN THE EVENING WORLD IN ANOTHER MAN'S SHOES

BY VICTOR BRIDGES  
The Story of an Adventurer Who Risks Almost  
Certain Death by "Swapping Identities" for \$50,000

# It Begins To-Day

## CUPID STAMPEDES JUNE BRIDES IN RUSH FOR LICENSE

Happy Couples Knocked Over  
Furniture in Race at Open-  
ing of New Offices.

TOY WITH POLICEMAN.

Clerks Abandon Desks and  
Run to Aid Lone Cop  
Who Cries for Help.

Dan Cupid played to a doubleheader this morning and scored on his one best bet of the year—the inaugural of the bridal month. If it had been deliberately arranged the doors of the Marriage License Bureau in the quarters on the second floor of the Municipal Building, to which it moved on Saturday, could not have been opened at a more opportune time. The opening was made auspicious by the presence of more than 150 couples who clamored for admission to the Bureau long before even the building was thrown open for the day. It was the busiest morning in the history of the Bureau, according to City Clerk P. J. Scully.

Ordinarily the Marriage License Bureau is opened for business at 10 o'clock, but when Chief Clerk Scully arrived and saw a line of happy couples stretched from the doors of the offices down the long corridor of the south wing of the building to the street he got on the job promptly and ordered the windows opened an hour ahead of time. The clerks who had worked all day Saturday and Sunday to get things to rights had been struggling with the mass of records, blanks and books brought over from the City Hall since 3 o'clock. In the excitement the ink wells had been overlooked.

Eddie Hart, senior clerk, was the first to discover the oversight, and in his shirt sleeves rushed across City Hall Park and appeared panting and perspiring a few minutes later with a necessary supply of bottles and pens.

Patrolman James Taggart, who has been stationed in the Bureau for eighteen years, lost his temper for the first time a few minutes after the doors were opened and Dan Cupid's army of happy couples swarmed into the room. Chairs were overturned and the five tables arranged for the writing of applications were tipped at dangerous angles by the jostling, shoving crowd of brides and grooms-to-be. It was impossible to restore order out of such confusion, and the perspiring Taggart cried lustily for help.

Seven clerks left their cages and assisted in lining up the crowd. They remained outside all morning helping the couples to make out their blanks properly. There was a slight disturbance when Patrolman Taggart observed several young men in the crowd soliciting for a commission to write out the blanks and thus save time. In most cases they charged a fee of a quarter for the service. But their prosperity was short lived. Taggart was on the job and the fellows were rushed out of the room.

The usual assortment of brides was on hand. Tall ones, short ones, thin ones and fat ones, each grasping tightly the hand of her choice for life companion, smiled brightly out of the long line. The honor of being first to get a marriage license in the new quarters went to George S. Blisk, forty years old, of No. 208 Eighth avenue, and Sarah Friedman, thirty-two, of No. 15 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street. Their satisfaction was shown plainly as they beamed their triumph on the waiting couples as they left the building.

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Miseries of Constipation  
Evils of Impure Blood**

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## Lady Doyle Finds Coney Island Fascinating, But Sherlock Fails to Solve Hot Dog Mystery

"There Is Nothing in England Like Coney," Says  
Wife of Famous Novelist, Who Likes the  
Crowds and the Electric Lights.

"What You Call the Barkers" Are Funny, and the  
"Toboggan That Slides Down Over the  
Water" Is Especially Interesting.

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall.  
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lady Doyle met Coney Island yesterday and it was theirs. Likewise, they were its, for a space which spilled over the clock into to-day. At exactly 12.30 this morning Sir Arthur, his wife and myself were mounting in the Plaza elevator to their rose-upholstered sitting room.

New York in four days—that's what they've been doing since last Wednesday. One isn't so much surprised at Sir Arthur, who, like his gifted contemporary, Sir Gilbert Parker, has the habit of packing his life with enough work and play for three average men. But Lady Doyle has dauntlessly kept up with him on this, her first visit to America. She laughs and says she's nearly dead. But her rosy cheeks and shining eyes belie her.

She forms the overlying exception to that satirical rule—  
"Wives of great men all remind us  
They should leave their wives at home."  
With a figure as slender and erect as a girl's, a charming taste in dress, a complexion such as few but English women keep beyond their teens, and the gayest, most revivifying enthusiasm, she is an entirely delightful person to meet. And how she does like New York!

She talked of it as we sat on one of the rose-covered sofas, with Sir Arthur beaming quietly from a chair a few steps away. She hadn't even taken off the hat she wore to Coney Island; just untied her motoring veil and slipped out of her long dust-coat. There was an occasional burst of weariness in her smooth English voice, and she twisted her gloves a bit nervously from one hand to the other. But no fatigue could dull the sparkle of her glance or the emphasis of her glowing adjectives.

**SHE LOVES NEW YORK; HAS  
GOOD TIME HERE.**  
"I love New York!" she exclaimed, with a quick, upward movement of her head.  
"I love every bit of New York! It's the most fascinating place, and I've had such a good time. The streets, the lights, the shops, the hotels, the people are all delightful. Everything is so comfortable, too. The rush and confusion, of which I'd heard so much, isn't in the least unpleasant."

"I don't suppose, though, that everybody goes quite as fast, all the time, as we've been going?" she broke off, queringly. "We have lived in a whirl ever since we landed, and just to-night I feel as if I were nearly dead."  
"Didn't you like Coney Island?" I asked.  
Her eyelids that had drooped lifted as if at the release of a concealed spring, and her blue eyes flashed.  
"Fascinating!" she breathed again.  
"What did you do down there?"  
"Everything," promptly. "We went into the place where you race the horses first of all. We went on the scenic railways and we went on the toboggan that slides down over the water. And to so many of the side shows, and to dancing rooms and restaurants where they also danced. And we heard all the people outside shows—what you call the barkers. Aren't they funny?"

**CROWD OF HAPPY PEOPLE  
MOST INTERESTING.**

Then she put a tentative hand on her hat. "It does rather blow you about," she murmured, but not complainingly.  
"Did you, by any chance, try that Coney delicacy, a 'hot dog'?" I asked.  
She looked puzzled and I explained its composition as fully as an outsider can.  
"It sounds delicious," Lady Doyle declared, intrepidly.  
"What did you find most interesting?"

Sir Arthur intervened, a schoolboy grin broadening under his yellow mustache.  
"The human slide," he reminded his wife.  
"Oh, yes," she confirmed promptly.  
"Where the people seat themselves and slide down and are all bumped

around. Oh, no, I didn't—but I watched," and she reflected Sir Arthur's mischievous smile.  
"There is nothing like Coney Island in England," she continued.  
"And the thing that really interested me most was the crowd of happy people. Every one seemed to be having such a jolly time in such a jolly way. I saw nothing that seemed to me vulgar or offensive. One splendid feature was the number of families that enjoyed themselves together—father, mother, big and little children."  
"The most beautiful part of it was the lights. Some of the illuminative effects were really wonderful. But you use lights well over here. We went out on Broadway the other night, just to see the electric signs, and we found it all so gay and attractive."

"I have been in only one of your big shops, on Fifth avenue, though I want to see others before I leave New York. The one I saw was magnificent in design, arrangement and the display of goods. We have some fine shops in London, you know, but I doubt if they're any better than what you Americans find in this city."

**FINDS ONLY ONE THING TO  
CRITICISE.**  
"We've had one night at the theatre, which I enjoyed much. Then they took me down to your business section, and I visited the Stock Exchange. That seems to me one of the most fascinating places you have to show."



LADY DOYLE.



SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

## JOHN L. GRIFFITHS HONORED AT FUNERAL BY MANY NOTED MEN

Body of the Late Consul General  
at London Taken to  
Greenwood Cemetery.

Scores of men and women of international prominence paid tribute to the memory of John L. Griffiths, the American Consul General at London, at the funeral services held at 11 o'clock this morning in the First Presbyterian Church, at Fifth avenue and Eleventh street. The body was taken to Greenwood Cemetery and placed in a vault.

The services were simple, all eulogies being omitted save in the prayer made by the Rev. Dr. Anthony H. Evans, pastor of the Park Presbyterian Church and a warm friend of the dead man. A psalm was read by the Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield, pastor of the church, and an invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Anson Aterbury.

The United States was represented by William Phillips, Third Assistant Secretary of State, and J. P. Rogers, Gen. L. T. Schenck, A. T. Hoff of Louisville, Ky.; Paul Wistach of Lafayette, Ind.; James F. Sutton, Walter L. McCorkin, former President of the Southern Society; Admiral L. S. Billings, former Senator William D. Edwards of New Jersey and Edgar Vanderbilt, Principal of School No. 16, who was Mr. Griffiths' instructor forty-three years ago.

Judge Adams of the Indiana Supreme Court represented the Bar Association of that State. Col. E. W. Halford came for the Indianapolis Literary Society.

## BLIND HORSE TUMBLES AGAIN INTO RIVER WHEN HE IS PULLED OUT

Hitched to Another When He  
Makes First Misstep; Falls  
Next From Flatboat.

Dan Trainor drove his horses, Nigger and Blinde, dragging a truck load of bricks behind them, down the pier at Bloomsfield street to-day to dump his load on a barge. Blinde, who got his name from his affliction, stubbed his hoof against the string piece and became frightened and reared. When he landed both fore feet went over the edge of the pier, letting him fall till his chest struck up against the scow, where he stuck fast.

Nigger and Blinde are two of the best horses William Fitzgerald, a contractor of No. 335 West Forty-fifth street, owns, and Trainor, fearful that Blinde would drag Nigger into the water, cut the blind horse loose. Then he consulted with Supt. Edward McDonald and they decided to move the barge and let Blinde drop into the water, for there is a shelving beach beside the shore and of the pier and they thought Blinde could be pulled up.

But in the water the frightened horse began to swim. He passed the fireboat Thomas Willett, almost lost sight of, and was seen, who tossed a lasso over his head but many times to let go, and passed out of sight beneath the Cunard Line pier, to which the Campana was tied. The big ship several rafters were moored and above them loomed an electric crane with which the cargo is lighted. Capt. Robert, superintendent of the Cunard pier, shouted orders and deck hands got a line about the horse, held him till a swing could be passed under his body and then swung him up out of the water.

They lowered him gently on a raft while hundreds of passengers who had not yet alighted from the ship watched and applauded. As his feet touched solid surface, however, the horse reared again and once more fell overboard.

Again the ship was lowered and again Blinde was raised, but this time he was not so lucky. He was hoisted and landed on the pier, but he was laid off on sick leave.

**DELAY INQUIRY INTO  
N. Y. CENTRAL LINES**  
Norris Resolution Regarding Trust  
Is Sent Back to the  
Committee.

## CHILD IN FLAMES AS MOTHER GETS DISPOSSESS NOTICE

Little One Left to Mince Baby  
While Mamma Attempted  
to Borrow Rent.

NO HOPE FOR THE GIRL.

The Mother Only Rocks Her-  
self, Getting No Comfort  
From Baby Left Alive.

Mrs. Giuseppe Bottiglieri's husband left her and her babies to get along as best they might. That was some months ago. It didn't trouble Mrs. Bottiglieri much, however, for she opened a small candy store near her home, No. 437 East Twelfth street and the neighbors helped her out.

But presently their interest in her faded and with it their custom, so she got work in a sweatshop and five-year-old Rose took care of two-and-a-half-year-old Carlo while Mrs. Bottiglieri was at work.

Then her trade got slack and Mrs. Bottiglieri couldn't make enough to feed her babies and pay the rent, so she dropped babies in the rent. Last Friday a dispossessed notice was tacked under her door calling for her appearance in the District Municipal Court at 9 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Bottiglieri had \$5 of the \$15 rent she owed and she started out early to-day to try to borrow the rest. She didn't get it, and so at 10 o'clock she started for court determined to make a final appeal for more time and to offer the \$5 that she had.

Her way took her close to her own home and, hearing it, she heard a child screaming. She turned down the street and saw, far ahead, little Rose standing on the fire escape, her clothing afire and the flames rising around the small face and head. She saw too, Michael Guadagnino, who lives in the house, but was on the sidewalk, mount another man's shoulders and make the first floor fire escape.

The mother ran toward the house, screaming and heedless of her steps, her eyes not on the ground but on the skeleton of fire escape ladders up which Guadagnino was mounting like a monkey. She saw the man grab the child and wrap her in his coat, then disappear in at the window. When the mother reached the flat Guadagnino was carrying the child to the street and lighting off a pot for terrier which had bit him in the right leg as he passed through the flat.

Dr. Foulkner came and hurried Rose to Bellevue Hospital though he said she couldn't live, for her clothing had been burned off and there was no hair left on her head. She had inhaled the flames, too.

They handed little Carlo to Mrs. Bottiglieri hoping that the sight and touch of her baby would quiet the mother, but she put the small boy aside and rocked back and forth in a chair by the window clinging to a partly burned shoe and a piece of the dress Rose had worn, while Carlo babied of how sister had played with matches and set herself on fire.

Dr. Foulkner had to return from the hospital and give Mrs. Bottiglieri something to make her sleep. When she wakes up she will have to go to court and face the postponed dispossession summons.

**FLEE FIRE IN SHEETS.**  
Turkish Bath Patrons Given a Bit  
of a Fright.

Late sleepers in Fiechmann's Turkish Baths in the Bryant Park building at Sixth avenue and Forty-second street were aroused this morning when smoke began to fill their rooms. About fifty men fled to the elevators, some attired only in sheets which they were wrapped around them. The blaze started and was confined to a store room in the rear of the salubrity of M. Fiechmann on the third floor, where it did trifling damage. What caused it is unknown. Other folk in the building hustled to the street, but all returned to their quarters after a few minutes and the bath patrons went back to bed.

## POLICEMAN SAVES TEN IN FIRE; TWICE A HERO

Officer Jacquillard Distinguishes  
Himself for Second Time in  
a Week.

Policeman Jacquillard of the Stagg street station, Williamsburg, found smoke and flames coming from the first floor of a tenement in the rear of No. 28 Siegel street at 5 o'clock this morning. Signaling to Policeman Stern nearby to turn in an alarm, Jacquillard ran into the house to arouse the occupants.

On the first floor, where the fire started, he awakened Mrs. Mary Kats and her two children and led them to the sidewalk. Then he aroused Michael Patugius on the second floor and went from there to the third story of the frame structure and awakened Paul

Ingita, his wife and four small children, leading them through the smoke to the street.

Before the fire was extinguished it spread to the frame tenement at No. 26 Siegel street. The damage was estimated at \$1,500.

A week ago to-day Policeman Jacquillard rescued nine persons in a fire. His bravery was made the subject of a special report from Capt. Durand to Commissioner Woods.

**Actor's Fund to Bury Thaddeus Shine.**  
The body of Thaddeus Shine, an actor, 35 years old, who died in Bellevue Hospital Saturday, was removed to-day to the Campbell undertaking rooms in West 33rd street from which place the burial will be made on Wednesday.

Shine was a brother of Oliver Shine, a well known character actor, who died about a year ago. He is said to have had a wife living in the West. Unless relatives claim the body it will be buried in the Actors' Fund plot in Evergreen Cemetery. The last engagements of Thaddeus Shine were with "The Capitan" and "A Romance of the Underworld."

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Sardines, Mary Elizabeth Brand, 2 cans	25c
Potted Meats, 1/2 lb. can, 10c 1/2 lb. can	5c
La Herbert Salad Dressing, big val. 1 qt. bot.	10c
Armour's Grape Juice, 16 oz. bot.	20c
Mico Kipperd Herrings, 1 lb. can, cut to	8c
Peroxide or Witch Hazel, 25c bot.	10c
Avalon Tuna Fish, 1 lb. can, cut to	20c

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